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VOL. LXIX.

No. I.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1903.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Sixty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1903. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Alexander Gordon, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to Horatio Ford, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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VOL. LXIX

OCTOBER, 1903

No. I

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1904.

GERALD CHITTENDEN.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH.

HORATIO FORD.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

---

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

"What are ye? Galahads? No, nor Percivales,  
But men."

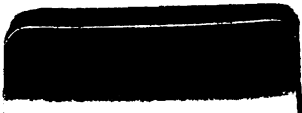
—*The Holy Grail.*

THERE is very little doubt—and the LIT. has frequently pointed out the fact—that much of Yale life is narrow, restricted, lacking in individualism, and of a most bigoted incapacity to understand anything outside of itself. We are not a community of observers, harking hither and thither in the pursuit of culture; we are a community of closely bound together groups (i. e. classes) of pretty strenuous workers at our divers undergraduate interests, or at nothing—for, paradoxical as it may seem, the few pursuers of idleness pursue their goddess with a vigor which is positively debilitating. And we, herded together in a single street, or in a group of dormitories, may be compared, without great straining of metaphor, to a group of medieval monks, in so far as our accessibility to outside influences is concerned. By stress of the old process of "kicking together," by stress of living compactly on York street,

reciting together, and having their own teams, each class,—the units of undergraduate organization,—becomes a well acquainted body of men, who live in the same way, take the same courses, read the same books, and—save the mark—think alike. The habit of mind of each class becomes democratic, collective; the individual “runs with the crowd.”

Now the close democracy (if I may use the phrase) is not apt to foster conceit in its members in their own powers, but it is likely to give them an exaggerated opinion of the excellence of the democracy. And here lies an excellent example of our tendency to collective thought—to lack of individuality in thought. Loyalty to class and to Yale are the first lessons of a freshman. Now these are worthy of loyalty, but not of blind loyalty. Yet the tendency of all democratic communities, not merely to obey the will of the majority, but to worship it, is fully reflected in every Yale class. The class feels that it is “the best” class in the greatest college in America. Now I am aware that this is somewhat of an overstatement; in our sober moments most of us do not deal in such superlatives. But that such is the tendency of our loyalty there is no doubt. So again, in our vague phrase, our teams are “the best,” our papers “the best,” our societies “the best.” Well, there may be good ground for a great many of these superlatives, but we certainly are apt to ignore the fact that some good things may come out of Nazareth (i. e. the outer world in general). Were each left to himself, elementary fairness and openness of mind would counsel us to give the devil his due; our democratic—alas that I am driven to use so often a word so staled to most of us—our democratic tendency to think “with the crowd” prevents this.

Do not imagine that I am decrying loyalty to class and to Yale. I am rather trying to point out one or two evils consequent upon collective institutions. Our intolerant habit of mind is such as must be maddening to any dwellers in outer darkness who are able to comprehend it. I have seen Yale men refuse to enter into the slightest comparison of



other colleges and Yale because of their solemn conviction that while a contrast might be possible a comparison was not. It is not alone in our ideas concerning other colleges that this intolerance crops out. Consider the relations of Sheff and Academic. The number of men in the Academic Department who can comprehend (let alone sympathize with) the aims and ambitions, and the mere physical growth, of Sheff are certainly in a minority. Witness the recent refusals to permit Sheff representation on the Prom. Committee. In regard to its own problems a democratic body *may* be clear-sighted and broad-minded, but it is certainly exceedingly conceited and intolerant in regard to its relations with others.

There are other narrowing influences which are too well understood to need lengthy mention. Over-competition is one, the shunning of artistic and humanizing interests another. The literary rut, in which the efforts of the average undergraduate run, is only too plain to one who has the fortune to read the contributions handed in for the consideration of the Lit. Board. The reverence paid to athletics is somewhat excessive. And all this is the inevitable result of the communal, collective, life led by ninety out of every hundred Yale men.

This narrowing of interest, this restricted point of view, this intolerance, is, then, the price paid for collectivism, for our democracy. I do not intend to enter upon a discussion as to whether democracy or individualism is the better part of life. I wish to venture an opinion on the possibility of combining them, of attaining that ideal, well rounded, life so often held up before us, that golden mean between the extremes. An energy and perseverance, a foundation for an understanding of men, an ability to rub shoulders without too much friction, self-control, qualities which make for leadership,—anyone can add a dozen of the same stamp of desirable qualities, all of which result from our collectivism. The rounding of individuals through contact with other individuals may reduce all to a single type, but it is probably

a type which can well fit into American life of to-day. Now, while maintaining democratic institutions, can we get the benefits of individual institutions? Can we maintain democratic virtues and at the same time rid ourselves of our faults, of thinking as a body, of "following the crowd?" Possibly some men can. Possibly some men can preserve their own thoughts, their own character, can maintain at the same time an influence in a community, large numbers of whose members they know can "run with the crowd" and preserve independence. In these men energy and vitality will not be destroyed by too broad an outlook,—by that "pale cast of thought." Personally I can only recall a bare half-dozen of acquaintances who approach this happy mean. No doubt it would be an ideal state of affairs for all to reach it, approximately at least,—but for the majority of men, the very great majority, there will be no reaching it. Collectivism and individualism are nearly as repugnant as God and Mammon, and the weight of Yale institutions is overwhelmingly on the side of collectivism. The rounded life is impossible to most of us.

To the men who maintain, even in faulty measure, this ideal of life, all honor. They are our great men, in the truest sense of the word. To the men who see its desirability, strive for it. You will fail, most of you, but some may succeed; few of you will miss if some benefit. To such men as may have no desire of it, be happy in your self-sufficiency. To you few who are not a part of the collective life, who, from your marked individuality, cannot come in contact with your classmates, we extend our sympathy. You miss much of good which the democratic side of Yale should give you; because of the strength of that democracy you have no full chance to develop your individualities.

*Alexander Gordon.*

## THE BARD OF FINISTÈRE.

Long years ago,—'tis thus the tale is told,—  
There ruled a just and well beloved king  
In Brittany,—René his name,—a prince  
Whose chief delight it was to hear the lays  
Of famous bards and wandering minstrels sung;  
And so came many singers from afar,—  
Gay troubadours from warm Provence with songs  
Of love and beauty, and from out the North  
The trouvères with their stirring tales of war,—  
All flocked to René's court to hear and sing.  
Wherefore the King, rejoicing in their throng,  
Made offer of a rich and princely prize  
To him among them who should sing a song  
Of youth and beauty, love and happiness,  
That best should please the King. The prize was wrought  
Of massy gold, and fashioned cunningly,  
A gleaming wreath of laurel, thickly set  
With glittering emeralds and diamonds.

Full many sang, and well; but of them all,  
The one with whom the good King most was pleased  
Was neither rich-clad trouvère from the North,  
Nor gay-decked troubadour from warm Provence,  
But one unknown, a simple Bréton lad  
Who, all his life, had lived apart from men,  
Beside the restless sea. Could he know aught  
Of youth and beauty, love and happiness?  
And yet he won the prize. The glittering crown,  
That might have been the ransom of a prince,  
The lad took carelessly and bore away,  
And tossed into a chest, to keep it safe,  
And there forgot it, till the spiders spun  
Their webs across its sparkling points, and dust  
Lay thick upon its graven rim.

Again

The King proclaimed a second, richer prize,  
A vast estate,—“Rochers de Fées,”—with groves



Of mighty oaks and quiet streams that slipped  
Between green banks of moss,—a peaceful spot,  
In which the lad had loved oftentimes to stray,  
And muse and dream in joyous idleness.  
All this was to be given as prize to him  
Who best should sing a stirring song of war,  
Of armies, battles, sieges, victories,  
And deeds of valor, done 'gainst heavy odds.

Again full many a far-famed singer sang ;  
Again the Bréton lad bore off the prize ;  
And all men wondered how he knew of war,  
Of armies, battles, sieges, victories.  
By royal writ "Rochers de Fées" was his ;  
But from that day, the poet strayed no more  
Beneath the shadow of its mighty oaks,  
Nor idly dreamed upon its cool, green moss.

Once more René proclaimed a rich reward,  
A prize the worthiest a king might give,  
The Princess, his own daughter, for a bride,—  
A maiden fairer than the day, and famed  
For wisdom, piety and tenderness,  
No less than for her beauty. And the song  
To win this peerless prize should be a hymn  
In honor of the God of all their race,  
And of the life they lived, the law they loved.  
Again full many a far-famed singer sang,  
And, as each ended, all the gathered court  
Cried out with joy,—but when the Bréton lad  
Had sung, the court sat silent for a space,  
And no one spake, nor stirred, until at last  
The King descended from his throne, and took  
The Princess by the hand,—her eyes were wet,—  
And led her where the singer stood apart,  
And placed her hand in his. And so the lad  
Received the promise of a royal bride.  
But when the bells pealed forth the wedding morn,  
And all the bridal train in purest white  
Were gathered in the dim cathedral aisle

About the Princess waiting for him there,  
They waited long,—but yet the Bréton lad  
Did not appear, nor was he seen again  
At René's court.

Men say, ere many days,  
There came a stranger to a fisher's hut  
Upon the rocky coast of Finistère,  
And there abode in humble state, and sang  
To all the fisher-folk such wondrous songs  
As they had never heard; and none proclaimed  
Rich prizes there, and no one gave rewards;  
But yet the singer sang, for their own sake,  
His songs, and lived contented all his days.

*Donald Bruce.*

## MOZART; AN APPRECIATION.

IN music, as in painting, there have been masters whose work gains endurance by reason of its absolute beauty alone. It is this beauty which distinguishes the creations of Raphael,—those marvels of beautiful expression which have a spiritual grace that is wanting in the pictures of Michael Angelo, whose figures carry the suggestion of action and repressed force. Mozart stands for the beautiful in music. The sense of a sweet charm of sound pervades his whole work, beautiful, fragile and symmetrical as a spiral shell. His music has the naïve simplicity of Addisonian prose; there is no question of moral or aesthetic philosophy such as we must deal with in Wagner or in Strauss. Mozart would have been incapable of the grotesque extravagance of a Berlioz (who seemed to think the success of a work was measured by the number of kettle-drums) and his music would be out of place, scored in the high scarlet hues of Strauss. His works have all the formal beauty of a Greek statue. Each phrase is so carefully chiselled and polished that there can be nothing added or taken away, without damaging the beauty of the whole. The storminess of Beethoven, with a suggestion of incomplete striving, stimulates the listener to work for himself and impels him to action, but the high serenity and limpid art of Mozart fills one only with a despairing admiration. Mozart was a Greek in his nature and, like the Greeks, his artistic sense was unerring: the lightness, grace and divine beauty of the Hellenic temples are expressive of the Greek ideals. So Mozart's music has the proportion, the organic unity and the symmetry of a Greek shrine.

But although his work exhibits a perfection that is unrivalled, still it differs from that perfection which is the result of laborious revision. Gray's poems are flawless in workmanship, but only after dint of such polishing that all the divine spark was rubbed out at the same time. It seems

impossible that one could have spent nine years upon the "Elegy." In contrast to this sterility, Mozart's spontaneity was such that he was able to produce the overture to the "Magic Flute," a masterpiece of its kind, in a single night; and in a summer write his three greatest symphonies, which in delicate tinting of tone and in the grace of the independent parts have never been excelled.

But it would be wrong to suppose that his music, though it came like a spring breeze and like a spring flower, contains nothing deeper than these. Ingenious workmanship cannot be an assurance of the highest art. But his very completeness and elegance of form argues a breadth of symmetry, something akin to Shakespeare, to whom he is often compared. There is a spirit in his beauty of form and melody that gives life to it all. In his C-minor fantasie he reveals depths worthy of the dignity and impressiveness of Beethoven. There is a heroic note such as Beethoven afterwards enlarged upon. His G-minor symphony, written at a late period, exhibits little of his "oppressive optimism" which modern students find distasteful. Whether this was a development over his former Hellenic serenity is a matter of doubt: whether there is or is not a gain in the dominance of the emotional over the aesthetic. It is not to his discredit that his music is perennially sunny. The expression of vague striving found in Beethoven is due, perhaps, to the intense personality which he infused into his works. At times, his music is tinged with his mood—the titanic outbursts of a strong man against Fate. Mozart is the most impersonal of composers. He shows a pronounced absence of any typical feeling, but his music is none the less characteristic nor does it lack intensity on this account—it is a result of his greater breadth, having an equal intensity in all moods. He never reveals the joys or sorrows of his own life. Even when living upon a pittance and neglected by those from whom he hoped so much, his music is the same, sunny and bright with aspirations. His opera "Don Juan," written at such a time, shows how marvelously he was able to portray

his musical thoughts without a trace of his own individuality. Nothing bitter, suggestive of his own experience, is there—only real human passions of love, grief, humor or despair has he portrayed with a perfection of detail and philosophic depth of insight, combined with a vivid harmonious coloring which is the incarnation of his thought. It was his ability to define each character clearly and without exaggeration, to paint the varying shades of human emotion in his music, that made him supreme.

There are those who maintain that Mozart reached the heights of Parnassus and that Beethoven is a descent: that the former excels by reason of his very simplicity. It is well, perhaps, that this question can never be settled. Those who believe that in Art stress must be laid upon form and beauty of outline rather than emotional intensity, should remember that it is a question of temperament. It is the same between Tennyson and Browning. To decide this fundamental question of art would be, perhaps, to relegate one of these men to the shelf. We have need of both; it is well that it is incapable of solution. The generation which possessed its Beethoven still found room for Mozart, and to-day, in the complexity and unrest of modern life, when our emotions no longer admit of the repose found in a simpler existence, though we have Wagner and Brahms, still we find that the well-poised calm of Mozart has the power to delight and charm.

Mozart's position in music is unique. Every art must be developed from a small beginning and those who enter it at such a time, are not able to produce works which exhaust its possibilities. They can only by their imperfections point out to others ways upon which to advance. The impression, then, which an artist makes upon the development of his art, depends not upon the quantity of genius that he may possess, but upon the adaptation of his abilities to that particular degree of development. A multitude of names, long since forgotten save when some curious student disturbs their dusty pages, are of no value aesthetically but of vast import-

ance historically. We must not measure a composer's value by the impress which he made upon his own age. The effect of Haydn was far more deep than that of Mozart; he had the ability to seek after new forms, break new paths or try to scale hitherto unattempted heights. But it was Mozart who gave permanent vitality to these forms. The string quartette, the discovery of Haydn, was carried to its absolute form by Mozart. So in the symphony, too, he revealed depths of delicate power beyond anything Haydn ever accomplished. Mozart's genius was not that of a discoverer; but such was the force of his native power that, even as a lad, he carried to completion Gluck's ideas of a new school of opera.

Mozart's fame rests chiefly upon his operas and his chamber music. His pianoforte sonatas were written for the harpsichord, an instrument of meagre resource, and suffer on that account; they are no true measure of the man. His faculties found their freest play in the operatic field by reason of his gift of melody and his mastery of dramatic expression. When he came to Paris, there were two musical factions ranged under Gluck and Puccini. The Italian school was then the favorite; the singers ruled opera, and a long string of arias upon a meagre libretto, enough to show the range and quality of their voices, was enough. Gluck had imbibed Händel's ideas and advocated the principle that music should embody the meaning of the words. It had taken Gluck long to work this out, but Mozart grasped it at once by the pure force of his genius. His opera "Idomeneo" was the fruit of this new idea and it is a compromise between the two schools, retaining the value of Italian melody with French truth of diction and dramatic expression.

There was a growing demand throughout Germany for a national Teutonic opera. The Germans were not satisfied with the easy-going traditional formulas of the foreign school. The indolent, pleasure-loving Italians were amply gratified by melody with the flimsiest accompaniment for the voices: the same procession of chords and cadences could be

used over and over with scenes widely different. But without disregarding melody, the German mind was inclined toward expression and character; it demanded more attention to inner details, a relation between the context of the music and that of the words. While Mozart did not succeed in establishing a national opera, the germ of it is to be found in his "Magic Flute." Beethoven preferred this opera to all of his others, saying that "Here he has shown himself truly German."

The true touchstone of a composer is the string quartette. It may be wondered why one who can write in four parts for a large orchestra, cannot write in the same number for merely four instruments. In the latter case the work of many falls upon few. By reason of the limited number of instruments, not a note can be wasted, not an unnecessary one introduced. The most careful balance, the greatest skill in writing the independent parts is necessary. No mere fury of sound, signifying nothing, as is possible in orchestral work, will suffice. The texture of a quartette is like the inner glories of a fragile shell, where the rugged beauty of mountain rocks would be out of place. Chamber music is the best medium for the expression of that elegance and finish, the combination of simplicity and depth which are characteristic of Mozart. His quartettes are examples of the purest beauty combined with a supreme skill. It may be safely said that here, in this field to which he was peculiarly adapted, is the best of Mozart.

There are two tendencies in modern music that are strongly contrasted. One aims at freer forms of expression, i. e., it is tending to disregard the strict sonata type in order that emotional content may not be hampered by rigid form. The other is conservative and keeps the strict symmetry of the classical school. The former tends toward incoherence and its compositions fail to delight us as those works do that are based upon an orderly and fixed symmetry which lies at the bottom of all art that is complete, moderate and stable. Mozart is a conservative. He was able to express an intense

feeling in a highly organized type of beauty. All his works show a rounded form and completeness of technical mastery—a unit built upon a many-sided symmetry of the musical fabric.

One must admit that of Mozart's music, nine-tenths is hopelessly antiquated. Students nowadays pass him by, preferring the showy technic of a modern generation. But the remaining tithe will amply enable him to keep his place in Olympus. When the present Wagner enthusiasm has abated, we shall see Mozart as before,—never growing old but having always a quaint sweetness and simplicity that mere revision labors for in vain. After hearing a performance of the *Nibelungen*, Brahms said, listening to a Mozart sonata, "Now we hear some real music again!" While Mozart is put aside by a hasty generation, yet the world will never let die such an heritage of beauty.

*W. F. Peters, Jr.*

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#### THE WAY OF PROGRESS.

As some great-shouldered giant fights his way  
Through rank on rank of foes, so plunges on  
Through all the bristling hosts of ignorance,  
The titan human race upon its course.  
It fights for neither honor nor revenge,  
But in the insane fear and memory  
Of that primeval void when darkness held  
The new-born quivering world in hushed suspense.  
At intervals of lesser dread, the clear  
White flame of God-sent faith illumines the goal  
Where, far away, there faintly shines a vague  
Yet gloried hope. And still humanity,  
One step retreating, striding forward two,  
Strives on.

*Lowell C. Frost.*



## ULYSSES.

"I cannot rest from travel. I will drink  
Life to the lees.—"

## I.

ALTHOUGH he was born and had passed his youth there, when Hosea Bingham returned to Bytown, there were none who had any knowledge of him beyond a vague recollection that long ago a family of that name had lived upon the knoll. I do not mean that the village lacked people who belonged to the same generation as Hosea or even a former; but an old man's memory and discourse cling to those experiences wherein he has had a leading share, and so their talk was never of the mere departure of a youth so many years before. They heard meagre tidings of him between long lapses, from far-away countries, but these places were so removed from their narrow world that even the association of one's names with them caused his identity to fade away into the same unreality. Hosea had traveled, looking into strange corners of the world. He did this with a serious, characteristic, desire of roaming. Bytown had not yet arrived at that state of civilization which produces the globe-trotter. He shipped upon coasting vessels with honest captains and diligent crews; upon craft which would have made his former mates shake their heads, bound for strange places. He seldom made the return voyage with the vessel, for he preferred to disembark until his restless desire pushed him farther. Thus it was that most ports were as well known to him as the ship underneath his feet, while his birthplace became blurred by hazy memories or forgotten entirely.

Now he was home again. It came about in this fashion. A hulking freighter lay in the harbor at Natal, waiting to complete its sailing list, and hearing that it was bound for Chili around the Horn (a new experience), Hosea came aboard to offer himself.

"No," said the captain kindly, "you're too old. I'm afraid you couldn't stand a Horn voyage."

So Hosea found himself on a Bermuda packet instead, with light labor and a steady sea. Growing old! That sent a pang through him. Yet when he thought of the freighter, far away in the heavy seas of that cold, cloud-laden country, he felt a nameless relief that he was not aboard; and when at sunset one day they reached Portsmouth, he felt happiness seize upon him because he had been there twice before and the port had a familiar, friendly appearance; then, too, it was nearer home.

Hosea thought little of it, yet it seemed natural when he found himself starting back to Bytown. Many things came to him: the quiet beauty of the hills about his home, the smell of the fields when the stalks burst the ground or the unchanging line of the sky. His old home overlooked a long, sloping valley. He remembered his wanderings through the close, green foliage of the hills on a summer's afternoon when the damp mud of the shallow river gave moisture to the heated valley. And he longed for all this in the quiet nights of the homeward voyage.

Bytown had grown but little and had lost none of its woodland savor. Everything was unchanged: the rows of white cottages by the village street which was bordered by wide plots of grass; the carts that went creaking up the soft, unworked road and the old church green from whence came the faint tinkle of cowbells of a summer afternoon. It was all unchanged save in one way; everything seemed smaller than he had known it, as if the village had shrunk. Then, too, the boys of his day, now old men, had grown out of his life as he had from theirs. It was like making new friendships all over again. Their interest and liking for him was seasoned with a touch that gave it vitality—curiosity. They could hardly understand a man who had seen the world. There was nothing of the seafaring look about him to stamp him as a man apart. He had followed the sea, not as sailor, but as a landsman at sea, and it did not leave its stamp upon him. His beard was perhaps a trifle more grizzled and his face roughened into deep furrows by the salt spray, but in dress and manner he was not distinguished.

He had gone to live with Tom Pollard at the end of the village. The cottage was fenced in by low, white-painted railings which were almost out-topped in the profusion of pansies and bleeding hearts; deep in the garden were wide-branched apple trees which threw sparse shadows along the wall and gave a fragrance to the air. It was spring when he arrived: the roadsides were showing a faint green through the April rains; across the clearing the curve of greening trees threw broader shadows daily. Had it been another time the unvarying landscape might have wearied him, but now it was too changing for him to lose his first interest.

But the opportunities for diversion were limited, and after the novelty wore away, Hosea found himself chafing under idleness. He could never get used to the crowd at Pollard's store. They sat far into the evening with their idle discussions or arguments, mostly political. This did not interest him and as he sat in silence outside the group, the narrow walls grew more oppressive until he was forced to escape. Pollard found him with his pipe upon the apple-tree bench in the garden. Tom leaned against the tree and slowly removed a limp handkerchief from his neck. He always trudged about with as little exertion as possible, coatless and generally without shoes. He was slightly at a loss how to begin.

"I—er—noticed ye don't seem sociable like weth the boys an' that you're gettin' lonesome. Now I tell ye," he continued, warming up to his role of advisor, "ye want somethin' to do. A man ain't happy unless he does somethin'. If ye will, Bill Moody can give ye a little to keep ye busy."

"It does get lonesome," Hosea admitted. "Not that there ain't enough in this place," he added apologetically, "but it's so different. I'll see him; I wouldn't mind havin' a bit of work. Thanky for the trouble."

Pollard watched him for the next few days. Finally he spoke.

"Hose, ye come into the store to work. Ye ain't feelin' jess right yet an' I need someone. I wanter help ye 'till ye get used to the place."

So Hose spent his time behind the counter during the day. Tom Pollard waited with the anxiety of a physician trying a new remedy, to see the effect. But he had to shake his head doubtfully.

"Hose," he said, "you're gettin' worse. Ye can't get used to it in one hunk; ye wanter try it in spells. I want ye to go down to the city to-morrer an' see about some plows I bought."

"Tom, that's mighty good of you. I *am* a little tired of this quiet way of doin'. I'll be glad to go for you. I guess I'm lots of bother,"—he smiled feebly. "But I'll be all right yet."

## II.

It was early; too soon to go to the foundry. It was not that, but the harbor and the ships he had come to see. Over the roofs by the wharves, he saw the profusion of masts like a forest stripped of leaves. His first view of the sea filled him with an odd numbness. The horizon was a faint silver line in the morning sun. The breeze carried the salt odor of the harbor, which was as wine to his nostrils. By long rows of lumber-laden barks he picked his way and occasionally a three-masted schooner, riding lazily in the sluggish current of the river mouth. A huge brig, amid the rattle of chains and the cries of the deck-hands, was receiving the last traces of cargo. Hose dodged among the crowd and climbed up the side. A large man with the sharpest of eyes was surveying the deck so that nothing escaped his surveillance. Hose strode up to him with outstretched hand.

"Howdy, Capt. Mowbray. It seems good to stand on your deck again."

"Why, it's Bingham; I'm hearty glad to see you again," replied the man in whom Hose had recognized an old skipper. "Do you want to ship? No? Well, I've got a berth for you whenever you do."

"No-o, I'm back again at home," Hose answered slowly. It was that sentence of the captain's that struck him sharply and remained in his memory as he returned to Bytown; and it made him view with more unrest than usual the unchanging, homely buildings of the village street.

The fierce heat of summer burned itself slowly out. He found a new interest awoken in the gathering of the harvest and watching the yellow grain as it poured in a steady stream from the threshes. In the heat of noon-tide, when the toilers were forced to rest, he wandered over the shorn fields. There was dust in the stubble and a faint rust had begun to creep over the leaves. The river crept slowly under the willows and its glassy indolence oppressed him. No life anywhere—all was quiet, until he could have cried out from sheer loneliness.

But after that, he had no opportunity of wandering over the valley farms. I do not know whether it was the change or whether he had, perhaps, over-exerted himself in the heat. But he was ill just enough to keep him indoors. At first he was even more cheerful than was his wont; but he grew silent and indifferent.

"Hose, here are some flowers for ye." Tom brought in a fragrant armload of pyrolas. "Don't ye like 'em?"

But his effort to awaken the old interest was futile. It was only when Hosea was able to sit out of doors again after many days that he began to talk. The broader horizon of the garden and street was better than the cramped walls at least. Under the genial influence of the open sky, he spoke unreservedly of his former life. The mere relating of the old experiences helped him wonderfully. He grew stronger gradually until at length his figure could be seen again on the hills and meadows. During his absence autumn had begun to lay her care on the deserted places and the wild waysides. The change was unlike the overpowering growth of spring; it was a quieter beauty that expressed itself in the dreamy haze on the hills that had usurped the sunny atmosphere. A touch of powdered gold lay upon the land-

scape and over all extended a silence of miles. As Tom came to the store that morning, he found Hosea seated on the worn doorstep: a tinge of color was in his face and by his side a newspaper lay where it had fallen. Tom's salutation was unanswered. While he was busied with several men whom he found awaiting him, Tom watched him nervously. Suddenly Hose stood up and looked hesitatingly down the street. He buttoned his coat and, strangely erect, he walked hurriedly away.

The minutes seemed interminable to Tom before he could get rid of his customers. He stooped and picked up the paper that Hose had dropped. A penciled line marked the notice that the *Morning Star*, Capt. Mowbray, was booked to sail on the 20th. That would be to-morrow.

Tom threw aside the paper and hastened toward the cottage: Hose was not there. He hurried on, leaving the village. From the top of a ridge he surveyed with shaded eyes the valley road; could that be Hose afar off and walking rapidly?

"Oh, Ho-ose!" he shouted.

Striding quickly on his way, Hosea heard him not; by his side the rail fences were crimson and gold with creeping vines and the air carried the delicate fragrance of browning beech leaves. But he was unmindful of these; around him were long, crested waves, and in the salt breeze was the suggestion of fog and rain. For to Ulysses the land was become weary, and in his ears he heard only the pounding of the sea that he was going again to claim.

W. F. Peters, Jr.

## THE SONGS FROM MEMORY'S ISLE.

There's a misty isle in the sea of Time,  
 Where the soul is young forever.  
 'Tis Memory's isle with its rock-fanged crags  
 And its valleys greening ever.  
 There the friends and kin of other days  
 In such noiseless peace retire  
 That they only wake when we sit and think,  
 Or dream by the snapping fire.  
 Then from far away in a broken strain,  
 That sways with every beating  
 Of the waves, we hear this faint refrain  
 As of many voices greeting:—

*"Back to the days of childhood,  
 Back to the sparkling sand,  
 Back to the wave-worn pebbles  
 That lie on the lonely strand.  
 Back to the crannied ledges,  
 Back to the willow tree;  
 For a little while, to Memory's isle,  
 Come, drift on the evening sea."*

There's one shady vale in this misty isle  
 That is never dim nor hazy.  
 'Tis Lover's Vale with its woods and meads,  
 And its by-paths, long and mazy.  
 Here Backward Thought, like a pensive Ruth,  
 Goes gleaning the fields of olden,  
 To find the morning fresh and fair,  
 And the scattered grain still golden;  
 Where above the din of the reapers' knives  
 And above the whetstone's ringing,  
 The tones of a well-known voice are heard  
 For she's clearly, sweetly singing:—

*"Back to the days of loving,  
Back to the purling rill,  
Back to the daisy patches  
That whiten the lea and hill.  
Back to the spring lake's ripple,  
Back to the moon-lit glen;  
Through Lover's Vale in the shadows pale,  
Come, stroll with me once again."*

*Walter D. Myers.*



### INDIFFERENCE.

Dazzled by worthless tinsel ever nigh,  
We mark no glories in the passing hour,  
Nor note perfection in a summer sky  
Or a flower.

We sleep, nor feel a greater might near by,  
Of Master Hands that guide and wield, that dower  
All things with form; such dreams unheeded fly  
Every hour.

Thus blind to earth, we nothing can descry  
Of Heaven, its workshops, forges full of power,  
Lathes that can turn out Firmaments on high  
Or a flower.

*J. L. Houghteling, Jr.*



## IN THE SHADOW.

“ABSOLUTE rest and quiet, my boy, are highly necessary. You’ve asked me for a plain statement and now you have it. With the proper care your eyes should be right in two months. Without that care—well, the helplessness of the blind is not enviable. Go down to your home, keep me informed, and I’ll be down to see you occasionally. Good-bye, Dick. Don’t lose your nerve.”

Henderson walked slowly out of the office. His brain was seething with chaotic thoughts; but one fact was beating itself into his consciousness, “Absolute rest, or blindness!” He wondered if it affected other men as it had him. He had listened to the oculist, his father’s old friend, as if the question of some other man’s sight were under discussion. He had felt keen sympathy for the poor devil.

The brilliant pyrotechnics in his eyes had increased lately, but they might have waited until his book should have been finished. Only a little more and it would have been done and fame in his grasp, at the age of twenty-five. Well, so be it. Kismet rules!

As he walked slowly away from the train in the little Long Island town, the familiarity of his surroundings exerted its influence on him. The mental strain relaxed somewhat and he could almost contemplate his lot with equanimity. He braced himself to meet his family and in a few quiet words told all. He was wept over and petted until he laughingly remonstrated. Then he settled down to the blank routine of a tight bandage, a dark room, and the sickening realization of utter helplessness.

“Dick, dear,” said his mother one morning, “you know I sent for cousin Emily to come and help me care for you. She has such a lovable, cheery nature.”

“Who’s ‘cousin Emily?’” asked Dick.

“Why, she is a distant relative of your father. You’ve never seen her, but I know you will like her.”

"How old is she?"

"Don't be inquisitive, dear. A woman is never over thirty," laughed his mother.

"Strange I've never heard of her."

"Well, her people moved to California when you were young, and we lost all knowledge of them. Emily came East lately to study in the hospitals and called on your father. She is here now, arrived this morning. May I bring her up?"

"All right, mater; but if I don't like her I shall tell you so."

"Very well, Dick."

His mother went out quickly, and as quickly returned. Dick, with a blind man's intuition and quickened senses, perceived there was some one with her and awkwardly arose.

"Cousin Emily," said his mother. "This is Dick. I know you'll prove more beneficial than medicine, Emily."

"I'm delighted to see you, or rather to meet you," said Dick, with a slight smile at his *faux pas*.

He noted the strength and sympathy of her hand-clasp and was inwardly delighted at her cheerful laugh and musical voice.

"Now, Dick—I may call you Dick, mayn't I?—I know we shall get on famously together, but I insist on one thing: if you feel like being cross,—swear, for I just love to make cross people pleasant again!"

His new nurse immediately took her place, and the effect on Henderson was marked. She played and sang for him, read to him, became his amanuensis—an invaluable companion. She had a remarkably keen intellect and had read widely. They discussed questions under every subject from ethics to economics. Henderson unconsciously grew to lean on her. If she were long away from him, he became restive and slightly querulous. Actually he had begun to fall in love with her, mind and soul. The thought of her appearance never perplexed him, strangely enough. He felt her physical attributes corresponded to her mental ones. His

caring for her increased by progressions, imperceptible even to himself.

One morning, when Emily and his mother were in the nearby town, the oculist came down. After a careful examination, he said gravely to his patient:

"You're a lucky boy! You had an even chance and you've won by rest and quiet. Take warning by your experience and go easy on your eyes in future."

"May I take off this infernal bandage, then?"

"Not now; wait till this evening. Come and see me when you're in town."

"I will, sir. I can't thank you for all you've done for me, but I'll try!"

Naturally enough, the man was jubilant—could hardly contain himself, but resolved to keep his knowledge to himself till night.

After dinner, cousin Emily sat down in the long hall below, reading beside a shaded lamp. She was startled to hear some one slowly and painfully descending the stairs. Glancing up, she saw it was Dick, guiding himself by the rail.

In an agony of fear, she cried out, "Oh, Dick! What are you doing?"

"Coming down on the veranda, of course."

"But you're taking a terrible chance!"

"Oh no, I'm not; besides I want to talk to you."

He sank into a huge arm chair in a dark corner of the veranda and continued, "The oculist came down to-day and his opinion was quite favorable."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Dick! A thousand congratulations!"

"Thank you, Emily. I feel ten years younger, myself! But this is not what I wanted to say. I hardly know how to begin: I've done the same sort of thing in my books—but this is different.

"During my confinement, I've come to think of you—I can't say how much. When I thought I was to be blind, I couldn't in honor speak; but now," his voice rang exultantly, "I can tell you! Tell you that I love you! Do you hear? I love you!"

"Ah, don't! Dick, for God's sake, don't!" and she started to her feet.

"But I *will*! I love you and I want you!" He plucked feverishly at the bandage and tore it from his eyes. Against the dim light he saw her delicate profile outlined, as she stared straight ahead.

"Emily, can't you care for me a little?"

"My dear boy—you don't know what you're saying! You've never even *seen* me!"

"But, see. I've taken off my bandage. My eyes are right, now!"

She gazed at him an instant. Then she turned and walked to the hall.

"Dick, come with me!"

He followed her mechanically into the lighted hall.

There was a vivid flash in his eyes. The old, familiar pyrotechnics blazed, crinkled and danced—and finally faded. He could see!

"Dick, look at me, please!"

He glanced up quickly at the sound of her voice. He saw, standing beside the lamp, a little, slender, gray-haired woman of fifty; a woman who smiled bravely at him for a moment, though her eyes were brilliant with tears, and then, at the terrible look of surprise and shock in his face, sank into a chair, bowed her head on her arms and sobbed bitterly.

*C. S. Flanders.*

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## PHILOSOPHY.

Born of the Past, and owing all I have  
And all that should be mine, which yet I wait,  
To that which, forming me, I cannot move,  
I come to question, not to serve my Fate!

*C. F. Wicker.*

## PRIDE AND IMAGINATION.

"Chatterton, the marvelous boy who perished in his pride."

TWO separate monuments Thomas Chatterton has left to perpetuate his memory: the one, a tall shaft of marble, rising like an exhalation, against whose aery whiteness the mere legend of the poet's name is hardly visible; the other, a low, rambling cairn, bearing in bold, rude letters the whole wild story of its builder. The first, product of the imagination, mysterious, immense,—the so-called "Rowley Poems"—conceals its author so completely that only a century of research has established it as the work of Chatterton himself, and not, as he deceitfully averred, that of the fifteenth century poet-priest, Rowley; the second, creature of pride, Chatterton's "Acknowledged Poems and Miscellanies"—those which he gave out as his own—reveal the maker, fully and unerringly as ever death-bed confession.

A great mass of matter is this latter group, "acknowledged works", ranging from tender love-rimes to the coarsest polemical essays, the bulk of which, however, has interest only as it throws light on the career and inner life of the "marvellous boy". Happily, aside from the gigantic mind which it bespeaks,—remarkable in one so young, to the point of the miraculous—this portion of Chatterton's work is striking for its subjectivity. Chatterton spun the whole web of these writings out of himself, and the fabric is a strange textile of struggles and titanic passions. The whole secret of his fertility, his demoniac fight against obscurity, and the only logical denouement to his life-drama,—suicide, are all unfolded in these works, either in the writings themselves or the circumstances of their production. And the autobiography they form is, in a word,—*Pride*. *Pride*, "damn'd, native, unconquerable", as Chatterton himself calls it, this blew the pitch-pipe to every line of his acknowledged work, as unmistakably as imagination is the keynote of the Rowley Poems.

Thus, it was pride that gave Chatterton the first impulse to use his talents. In the end he could level his darts at any target soever, when a handful of pennies might pay him for his pains, but this power was first developed in the gratification of personal spite, and his most caustic satire issued from the wounding of his own pride. Thus he vents his spleen on Catcott of Bristol:

"He measured pleasure by a fossil rule,  
And spent his youth to prove himself a fool;  
Buried existence in a lengthy cave,  
And lost in dreams whatever Nature gave."

And in that fantastic prose-and-verse will, penned just before his first threat of suicide, his hate pours out like gall into the grim, sardonic clauses with which he brands the objects of his malice:—"Item. I give and bequeath all my vigor and fire of youth to Mr. Catcott, being sensible he is most in need of it. Item. From the same charitable motives I give and bequeath unto the Rev. Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum, all my prosody and grammar,—likewise one moiety of my modesty . . ."

In this same way it was pride that brought out to its fullest all the vast and sinister power within him. During his career as literary hack in London he poured forth a prodigious quantity,—burlettas, ballads, frothy sketches, political lampoons (executing in verse alone that half-year fully one-third as much as Bryant in a lifetime), but it was all only under the stress of hunger which pride forbade him to allay by confiding in those who would gladly have helped him. This fertility,—both commentary on his powers, and in the light of its motive, full reason for the inferiority of his "acknowledged writings",—stands chiefly as an index of the passion that wrestled with his soul. Admitted into good circles, once or twice even he dined out, but the famished boy ate little lest he might disclose his poverty and hunger. They took his contributions, but pay was poor and slow. Yet he would not beg, nor confide, nor even secure what was due him, by a declaration of his want. All the while he was

growing hungrier, and more crabbed and vindictive. The eyes through which he saw the world became blood-shot, jaundiced. His mercenary pamphlets grew fiercer; scathing, scurrilous, yet so nice in their irony, so pulsing with a kind of "personal note", that (though hack-stuff, every line) they must have issued from a nature attuned to rancor and invective. And so, empty of stomach and of soul, he fell before a pride that was truly "damn'd, native, and unconquerable". It has been pride that first drew him on to write; pride impelled his fertility, and pride it was that lured on his soul-hunger and suicide. There is but one die stamped upon every piece of his acknowledged output. There is but one characterization for this sad and defeated soldier:—his was a temperament bitter and sensitive as Pope's, a heart more choked with morbid pride.

It was rather Chatterton's gift of vast yet refined imagination that must have raised him to the Parnassus of those few who know poetry as "the music of human speech", Distracted and sulky all the day, at night he would slink off to St. Mary Redcliff, and where the pale light filtered down through the dark, mediaeval windows, people the land of his imagination with a race of monks and Teuton warriors. In this way, before the age of seventeen, he had reared a whole cycle of poems, which reflect the early days of Saxon England and the hardly less shadowy reigns of fifteenth century Henry VI and Edward V so adequately, that only after a famous controversy is it known that the monk, Rowley, from whose parchments, Chatterton gave it out, he had transcribed the poems, was a pure fiction of Chatterton's brain.

It is this amazing deception that links Chatterton's pride and imagination, the Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll of his strange character. Chatterton's pride had always spent itself in a thirst for preëminence, and alongside this craving grew up the complementary failing of morbid sensitiveness. It was this sensitiveness that lay at the root of his notorious deceit in regard to the Rowley Poems. Certain crank-antiquarians there were in Bristol upon whom Chatterton, now nearing fifteen, and already saturated with the musty lore of "Master

Canynge's Coffers", had palmed off some of his own handiwork (heraldic emblems) as the unearthed parchments of a fifteenth century priest. Now, Chatterton had already composed several of his so-called "Rowley Poems". He could not keep them back; he must try them on the world, and hear the world's praises. Here was a chance to ascribe them to that same fictitious monk whose creation had served so well in the duping of the credulous dilettantes of Bristol. He realized fully the precocity of his genius, and felt that were he to publish himself the author of those truly remarkable poems, he must meet with nothing but derisive unbelief. Accordingly, rather than expose his pride to certain rebuff, he devised the Rowley lie, thus saving his sensitive nature at the cost of the renown for which his cramped soul panted. There is nothing more paradoxical and bizarre in all literature,—this boy fighting against himself in the maintenance of a self-chosen fraud, the while he dreaded the obscurity his device made the more certain. It is this freak of pride that has necessitated the traditional division of his work into "Acknowledged Writings" and "Rowley Poems",—the one, all Pride, the other, sheer Imagination. Yet there had to be an interplay between these all-ruling traits; and great is the pity that the things of his imagination became subservient to the things of his pride.

And what a prodigious imagination withal! It is here that lies the inscrutable in Chatterton, and this phase of his intricate story we approach with the wonderment that hedges the supernatural. The child of four, runs the legend, gazing up at the spire of St. Mary Redcliff, suddenly claps his hands, with the cry: "See, that steeple was struck by lightning"—and lapses again into the blankness of an infant. Or again, he gave no sign of even ordinary intelligence until he chanced upon an "old musical instrument adorned with illuminated capitals and a black-letter Bible, fell in love with them, and learned to read". Then, too, there was his early love for heraldry and all things mediaeval. He seemed to belong to the middle ages, and as though part of his being lived there, "at times", it has been suggested, "his self-iden-



tification with the poet-priest Rowley may have been complete". Stranger still, as soon as he emerges from the dusky limits of mediaeval England, his imagination droops and shrivels! The superiority of the Rowley Poems over other work executed at this period of his development is just so much as the real poet rises above the clever dabbler in rimes. In fact, so potent and yet so narrow is this gift, that he seems a kind of Jeanne d'Arc, impelled by some mystic power, whose sway is strong, but restricted in its scope.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have been, if death had not crowded down on Chatterton so very early. A keen, sour satirist, yet possessing a resplendent imagination, so typical of the school so to be founded, he stands a doubting pilgrim between the old order and the new. Would the poetic in his make-up have gained the final mastery, and that rapture of an imagination, loosing the shackles of antiquarianism, made him a leader in the Romantic Movement? There is "Aella", his masterpiece, for instance, conspicuous for its rapidity and abundance of action, wealth of imagery, and almost nineteenth century delicacy in its lyrics, and yet, characterized by the "simple realities", the literal, straight-from-the-shoulder methods of the early bards. It is this result of his antiquarian studies that must have made Chatterton like Wordsworth, a mover for simplicity and realism in poetry. We are refreshed after the hot-house, bedizened heroes of the eighteenth century with the sort of Beowulf, Aella, who woos his BIRTHA under the greenwood tree, and takes her to his forest home, where the minstrels sing their swinging lyrics of open-air life and love. It is all big and free and large, just the kind of old English literature revival that must have given rise to a school clear of the cold classicism of Pope and yet, untrammelled by the studied "originality" of later Romanticism.

Still, we cannot help feeling that perhaps Chatterton had already drained to the dregs the chalice of purest inspiration. His imagination was stunned, if not deadened forever, by his hack-work in London, not one of the Rowley Poems being written after he left Bristol. After all, it may be fair

to regard him not as a master poet cut off before his time, but a man whom caprice of Nature had endowed with the mental life of many years within the scope of a few.

Thus Chatterton's career presents a kaleidoscopic set of problems and phenomena. His seems a kind of double life, in which Pride was the man, Imagination the poet. And in the mighty struggle between these Zoroastrian powers of light and darkness, the vile, the human, the "earth-born" overcame the supernatural and the sublime.

*Dudley F. Sicher.*

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AFTERWARDS.

If you recall a sheltered hut bestrewn  
With balsam boughs, and warm, enshrouding fir,  
I wonder if your thoughts will turn to her  
Who watched with you a camp-fire 'neath the moon,  
Or heard afar the night-laugh of the loon  
Standing on single-foot where ripples stir  
The lily-pads;—or saw the red grouse whirr  
On startled wings by mossy cliffs, rough-hewn.

No doubt you lingered when the parting came,  
And promised her you'd not forget,—no doubt  
You meant it,—every word,—you'd not found out  
The sad illusion in the ancient claim  
That "Distance lends enchantment." Did you guess  
Of two that loved, 'twas you that loved the less?

*J. F. Stimson.*

## NOTABILIA.

For the past fifty-three years the LIT. has offered a medal for the best essay submitted to it by undergraduates. It is our hope that the winning essay of this year may be worthy of the long list of excellent pieces which have preceded it. Should none of the essays submitted be of such excellence as the Committee of Award—two members of the Faculty and one of the LIT. Board—think deserving of the award, the Board reserves the right to withdraw the medal. However, it is twelve years since a lack of good essays has compelled such withdrawal, and there is little doubt that 1903 sees a sufficiency of men in the University capable of writing good enough essays—barring any trouble on the score of the thirteenth year. The essays must be upon literary or artistic subjects, typewritten, and signed under nom-de-plumes, with the writers' real names in envelopes pinned to the essays. They will be due at 5 White Hall on December 1, 1903. The winning essay—and all undergraduates may compete—will be published in the February LIT.

\* \* \* \*

"Ubi sunt, qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?"

Few of us would predicate as confidently on this question as did a supposedly humorous "Ballad of Yale and of her Noble Presidents," which it was recently our fortune to see. This effusion asserted the orthodox conviction that,

" . . . Edwards, christened Jonathan,  
A front row seat in Heaven won."

Orthodox and perhaps pretty completely embracing the knowledge of most of us about Jonathan Edwards. Flip-pant, also, with the flippancy of healthy undergraduate conversation. It is natural and right that we should live in the present and for the future. It would be a sad state of affairs were our time filled with delving into musty records of the past. Yet it is questionable if a trifle more knowledge of

our forebears here would actually result in mould on the freshness of our lives. Most of us are vaguely aware that Pierpont, Dickinson, Bushnell, and others, are great names in the earlier history of Yale. Probably it would be fairly interesting to compare a dozen versions, from as many undergraduates, on the subject, "Why are these great names?" Presumably the recent Edwards anniversary has told us something of the greatest name connected with Yale. But he is far from standing alone as the only man whose life is worth knowing. And for furnishing such knowledge the Chittenden Library is perfectly competent and moderately accessible—an easier journey, at least, than that,

" . . . . ad superos,  
Quos si vis videre."

\* \* \*

The removal of Greek requirements for entrance and the making elective of freshman Greek, although doubtless necessary, cannot but be a little regretted by the writer. This is no assertion that "the old time was better than the new,"—the Yale of to-day is an improvement on the Yale of three years ago,—but the expression of a very natural twinge of regret that in the changes of the curriculum the language of Aristotle and Plato, of Theocritus and Euripides, should have come to a position of less influence. Where, a year ago, a whole entering class were compelled to take Greek, now two hundred and forty-three out of about four hundred elect it. No doubt the average benefit to each of the two hundred and forty-three electors is greater than the average benefit would be to four hundred who must study it, willy-nilly. Yet we cannot help feeling that none, while in college, should miss the culturing influence of Greek, an influence which, however unwillingly received in some quarters, was, nevertheless, exerted upon every man.

A. G.

## PORTFOLIO.

—"There's a woman wants to see yer, neighbor."

I threw down my hand and rose. "I cannot play again to-night, boys," I said.

*A FORGIVING  
TOAST.*

A glance passed between my three companions. They understood.

I stepped swiftly out of the back room and through the bar. There waiting in the shadows stood the old nurse. "He can't last much longer," she whispered; "he's been praying you to come."

Without a word I strode down the long narrow street of the prairie town. He had been a hard man, but he had befriended me and I could not let him die alone. At the threshold of the tumble-down cabin I paused. A smoky lantern threw its rays on a dingy pile of blankets upon which lay the shrunken figure of a man. His bronze face defied the ravages of the fever and his eyes with all their old fire were fixed upon me.

"Mac, I knew you would come, old man. It is nearly over now, and it seems good to see at least one true friend." And he raised his feeble hand across the covers to clasp my own. I could not speak.

"I've led a poor life," he went on, "but God knows I've tried to do my best. The boys don't like me and perhaps with good reason. I've been unforgiving, but I could not help it. 'Tis the curse of money, Mac. It lays a hold upon you and makes you forget you are a man and human. But before I die I want to help the poor fellows I have ruined. I want them to think of me after I am gone, not with a curse on their lips, but with tears in their eyes. I've got a pile of money here and not a soul whom I can call kin. You're the nearest I have, old man. Take the money back to the tavern and tell the boys it is theirs. It's to pay for the groans I have wrung from them, for the tears I have caused their wives and children. And if they have any pity in their hearts, ask them to forgive me. I'm going fast. Come nearer, Mac. I can't see you as I could. Let me hear you say you are my friend."

I could not trust myself to speak, but he knew my answer.

"Bless you, Mac,"—for a long time he was silent, and then—"Goodby, old man. I'm done for." And he sank back.

How long I stood there grasping his hand I do not know. But I was aroused by a step, and the old nurse touched my sleeve. "He said to give you this," and she held forth a leather bag bulging with gold.

\*            \*            \*            \*

An hour later I stood in the tavern bar. I had delivered my trust, and the men with uncovered heads had listened in silence. Suddenly one raised his hand. "I ain't much at speech-making," he said, "and there ain't another man in this town he's wronged as he has me. But I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, so I say, boys, 'Here's to him.'"

And every glass was drained.

*W. W. Clarke.*

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*The Tennis Team*

On June 11, elected A. H. Lewis, 1904, captain.

*The Fence Orations*

Were delivered on June 15, by Frame Clemens Brown, 1905, and Wilson Shaw McClintock, 1906.

*The University Baseball Team*

On June 23, re-elected Burnside Winslow captain.

*The Yale Daily News*

On June 15, elected to its editorial board the following men: Chester Rhoads De La Vergne, 1905; Henry Howard Loudenslager, 1905; Douglas Gray Harvey, 1905 S.; Ben Overton Brown, 1906; Chester Burrows Van Tassel, 1906; Hugh Robert Wilson, 1906.

*The Annual Commencement Exercises*

Were held June 19 to 24.

*The Yale-Harvard Boat Race*

On June 26, was won by Yale. Yale also won both the four-oar and Freshman races.

*The University Crew*

On June 25, elected W. S. Cross, 1904, as captain for the ensuing year.

*The Annual Wrestling Matches*

Were held on September 23, and were won by the Sophomores.

*Baseball Scores.*

June 6—Yale 6, Princeton 10.  
13—Yale 6, Princeton 7.  
17—Yale 2, Harvard 5.  
23—Yale 6, Harvard 10.

*Football Scores.*

September 26—Yale 35, Trinity 0.

September 30—Yale 19, Tufts 0.

October 3—Yale 46, Univ. of Vermont 0.

*The Pundits*

On June 10, elected the following members from 1904: Seth Daniels Bingham, Jr., of Naugatuck, Conn.; Edwin J. Clapp, of St. Paul, Minn., and Robert Lincoln Smitley, of Allegheny, Penn.

*The Freshman Football Association*

On September 30, elected the following officers: President, Hugh Smith Knox, 1907; Vice President, Charles Whitney Carpenter, 1906 S.; Secretary, Joseph Graham Crane, 1907.

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*In Memoriam*

Andrew Parker, 1906.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Land of Joy.* By R. H. Barbour. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Such stories as have been written about Yale life have dealt with the very fact or else with the very uninteresting side of it. Harvard is more fortunate in this respect; it has in *Philosophy Four* a classic, and in *The Land of Joy* a book almost as interesting, if not quite so distinctly a college story. Indeed, it is a double love story with a college background. The characters are exceptionally well drawn; we have known their counterparts here for some three years. They are the representative men who do things, or at least try to, and who keep their mouths closed when they have succeeded. The hero is a freshman of parts, scion of an old Virginia family, and withal possessed of a most attractive personality. His love affair is delicately and daintily treated, and is saved from being absurd by a strong element of humor. We realize that the author is covertly smiling at Phil and his stricken heart, but in spite of this we become convinced that there is such a thing as true love in freshman year. The lady was certainly not lost on account of any faint-heartedness.

With all respect to Phil, whom we like, his love occupies a subordinate position to that of his friend in the senior class. Phil's is the prettier by far, but the other is the more convincing. It is the kind of a story where every male must fall in love with some suitable female, and we only wonder how everybody makes his choice so easily from such a galaxy of youth and beauty. The simplest solution would be for the hero to become a Turk, and marry the whole lot.

G. C.

*The Seven Woods.* By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York.

If the number of his disciples is an exponent of a man's greatness, Tennyson is beyond question great, for the silver cadences of his meters are more frequently copied than are those of any other modern poet. In the case of *The Seven Woods*, the attempt to imitate is a success, not because the meter of the poems is excellent, but because some of them at least are built

upon the solid foundations of a good idea. Of the first one in particular this is true. *The Old Age of Queen Maeve* is Arthurian in date and Tennysonian in treatment, but is saved from slavishness by a certain originality of subject, and a deal of mysticism purely Celtic. We cannot, however, see why the author should take over the faults of Tennyson's point of view together with the virtues of his style. The Laureate was a *laudator temporis acti*; let the authors of the present praise the present and be content, and not indite a trite and false line such as this:

" . . . . for the proud heart is gone  
And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all  
But soft beauty and indolent desire."

It is our regret that we do not know more about the Celtic mythology. Judging from the glimpse of it which this poem gives us, it must have been full of myths quite as beautiful as the Greek or Norse, and far more quaint than either.

All the poems treat of the heroic age in Ireland, and are part and parcel with the recent Celtic revival. Every myth and superstition that they mention is highly interesting, and gives promise that this new renaissance will not die for lack of material to draw from. Kings, however, must have been as thick as potatoes in mediaeval Ireland, for in the play *On Baile's Strand*, which closes this collection of poems, three are mentioned by name in the caste, and instead of filling out the dramatic personae in the usual manner with "Soldiers, ostlers, flower-girls, and lightning-rod men," the minor rôles are taken by "Young kings and old kings."

G. C.

*Zut and Other Parisians.* By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the short stories of Paris which come from the pen of Guy Wetmore Carryl, but they fulfill the purpose for which they were written. He seems to have embodied all the elements which are necessary to bring forth a light, cheery story; for above all, he breathes around each an atmosphere of true "locale couleur" and adds the result of his own personal experiences with the characters about which he writes. There is always a light vein of subtle humor cen-

tered in the character itself rather than resulting from burlesque or situation; and, though the author may appropriate formulae which others have used, he does it in such a naïve manner that there appears a more than attractive freshness. A rather forcible illustration of this characteristic appears in "*The Next Corner*." Cazeby, about whom the story relates, permits himself to be robbed and tied in a chair. When morning arrives his valet brings the mail and finds him in this indelicate state, but, though visibly surprised, he merely says, "Monsieur desires to be untied?"

Carryl knows his characters. He presents them to the reader with all simplicity but lacks in the words which he puts in their mouths, as he excels in the narrative and description. It has been said that "the success of certain works may be traced to sympathy between the author's mediocrity of ideas and the mediocrity of ideas on the part of the public," and, if such is the case, this work at least is outside of the "certain works" mentioned above. The ideas of the author relative to his characters seem above the mediocre stage and he would appeal more readily to those of the public who possess superiority of ideas, and, being as it is, a fanciful work or sketches for leisure moments, it could hardly be destined to become a "fad" or achieve the popularity of the historical novel. It is well worth reading, and its use is much the same as condiment to wholesome food.

R. L. S.

*Where Love Is.* By Wm. J. Locke. John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York.

*Where Love Is*, contrary to expectations aroused by its title, is not so imbued with sentimentalism as one might imagine. Indeed a critical reader might well ask, "where is love?" Surely not in the heroine, who flits in and out of engagements with the ease of the trained society-woman and finally, fearing a life of love and very little else by way of bodily sustenance, marries the usual rich American. The hero, too, seems easily consoled for the defection of the lady of his heart. So it is to the minor plot we must look for traces of the tender passion, and here we find them according to the accepted standards. The author treats his heroine, the society-woman, from a psychological view-point and at times succeeds in being slightly rem-

iniscent of Edith Wharton. "Jimmie Padgate" is a study in cheerful optimism amid the most depressing circumstances and is a relief from the rather cynical tone of the rest of the book. The scenes from "Mayfair" appear well drawn and the satire on English society is quite finished. The plot is not startlingly original. In fact, some parts smack of the hackneyed,—the innocent girl betrayed, for instance. Not to "damn with faint praise," the book is readable.

C. S. F.

*The House on the Sands.* By Charles Marriott. John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York.

To many the phrase "political story" spells boredom. But Mr. Marriott's novel, although it has a political plot, as well as a love plot, deserves no such adjective as stupid: even its most political passages are interesting. We suspect that the character and career of its hero owe not a little to the character and career of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,—dramatic and interesting enough in all conscience.

It is chiefly as a study in character that the book is noteworthy. The working out of character has been, in fact, so conscientiously done as to become somewhat wearying; one tires of seeing every action referred to its motive, and one feels that no mere human power can account so minutely for every trick and turn in character as the author has attempted to do. Another strong point in the book is its women. How seldom, nowadays, do we come upon other than the stock types of heroines. Yet here is a heroine of distinct individuality,—neither a freak nor an automaton, but a woman. The heroine is actually a creature who could have lived. In fact the three women in the book are each so natural, so distinct, so conscientiously drawn, as to warrant the idea that some novel writers would have spread them over a book apiece. We are thankful that *The House on the Sands* contains all three.

A. G.

In addition we have the pleasure of acknowledging the following books, which lack of space prevents us from reviewing, and some of which will be more fully noticed in the next number:

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

*Ordered to China.* By Wilbur J. Chamberlain.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

*The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* By John Fox.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

*The Sherrods.* By George Barr McCutcheon.

*The Yellow Crayon.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

(In places a trifle melodramatic, but we can commend it for its interest.)

American Book Co., New York.

*Le Petit Robinson de Paris.* By Madame Eugénie Foa.

Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

*Gorgo.* By Charles Kelsey Gaines, Ph.D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

*Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec.* By Justin H. Smith.

John Lane, New York.

*Eleanor Dayton.* By Nathaniel Stephenson.

*The Ms. in a Red Box.* By an undiscovered author.

(Good—for an historical novel.)

Ginn & Company, Boston.

*The Jones Readers.* By L. H. Jones.

*Ways of the Six-Footed.* By Anna Botsford Comstock.

(Popular nature study.)

*The Insect Folk.* By Margaret Warner Morley.

*New Latin Grammar.* By Allen and Greenough.

*Latin Grammar.* By W. G. Hale and C. D. Buck.

*Agriculture for Beginners.* By C. W. Burkett, F. L. Stevens, and D. H. Hill.

(Comprehensive and practical.)

*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, and the Dream of Scipio.*

Edited by Frank Ernest Rockwood.

*Horace's Odes and Epodes.* Edited by C. L. Smith.

The Century Co., New York.

*The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiting.

The Macmillan Co., New York.

*McTodd.* By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Saint looked somber and dejected as he surveyed the Editorial Board—the last few fragments of it that Fate and the Faculty had spared. There was in his manner something of the pathetic dignity of a hen watching her last surviving chicken and dreading lest he too should pass away.

"There is nothing as it should be," said his Saintship with a gloomy shake of the head. "From literature to athletics over-confidence is becoming our ruin. We are resting on past laurels and letting the future take care of itself."

"There is something in that," I answered. "I went out to the football practice myself yesterday; and I had two little muckers and a bootblack to help me watch the game. But, after all, I don't quite see how your remarks apply to the Lrr. Board. It wasn't over-confidence that disabled our joyful Puck, was it?"

The Saint looked at me dully. He was evidently in too dark a mood for frivolous argument.

"There is nothing as it should be," he repeated, "not even the Chapel Bell. What monstrosities has not our age engendered? Why, only the other day, I actually met a Freshman who refused to give his subscription to the immortal Lrr. itself, brazenly pleading a scarcity of funds and a preference for Poli's. Let his spirit pine away and die, since it thus refuses its sole proper nourishment. Have we no balm in Gilead—and no subscription in Pierson?"

But here a reassuring clink in the pockets of the Business Manager became sweetly audible, and a smile of sunny skepticism passed over the gravity of his face. Our hearts rejoiced within us at the sight; and even the Saint relented.

"Venerable sir," said I, "it grieves me to see you thus misconstrue the times. I admit that many of the Freshmen are still in a state of mental and moral darkness; but many others have already seen the error of their ways and turned to the bosom of Mother Lrr. I admit that our over-complacent upper-class men are just at present doing their best to do nothing, as far as supporting our athletes is concerned. But time is the great cure of all things, and our year is just begun. This current of onward progress, so glorious hitherto, is not to stop with us; rather, I hope, shall these eyes of ours behold our Alma Mater's magic sign, "Keep off the Grass," rising amid the desert wastes of farthest Temple street.

"Ah well," said the Saint, "if that's the way you fellows feel, then that's another matter." And he went out looking more cheerful than I had seen him before this term.

F. E. P.

We quote the following:

THE MISSION CHURCH.

Oh house of God, thou grim historic pile,  
 Reared by the Padre Builders of the West;  
 Christ's life is pictured on thy panels blest,  
 Within thy walls and o'er the lonely aisle  
 His Spirit breathes. Ah may I pause awhile  
 And seek within thy shade that peace and rest,  
 The world knows not, for it is God's bequest  
 To souls unsullied, free from earthly guile.

And may I linger 'neath thy lamp's bright ray,  
 That constant o'er thine altar fills the air  
 With thoughts of the great Victim hidden there,  
 Who filled their brave, strong hearts, as mine to-day,  
 With faith to conquer all, with love to dare  
 And highest joy to fall amid the fray.

—*The Redwood.*

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